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H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

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POETRY.

He Wants a Wife.

BY MRS. S. NICHOLS.

He wants a wife, and she must be
A model of propriety;
A brilliant pattern--wise, discreet,
A centre where all virtues meet:
Good-tempered, just, and always kind--
As warm of heart as pure in mind;
Devoted, tender, gentle, fair;
Accomplishments and culture rare;
Loving, refined, with every grace--
An angel half, in form and face;
A sweet, harmonious, charming thing,
At his command to weep or sing.
He wants a wife--he'll advertise it--
Consents to wed--his friends advise it!

He wants a wife, with modest look,
Whose heart is like a costly brook,
Which he is proud and glad to own--
Which can be read by him alone--
He wants her slender, too, and tall,
And fair as woman seen the Fall;
Her eyes--it matters not the hue--
He worships black--adores the blue;
Her hair must, with her loving eyes,
Agree in shade, or compromise.
He wants her sensible and mild--
In form a woman--heart a child;
He wants a wife--to love him blindly,
A partner he can govern kindly.

He wants a wife for nestness noted--
For taste unquestionably quoted--
Of wholesome pride a very little--
Of self-conceit no jot nor tittle--
A harmless, guileless vanity
He'll not object to, if it be
A soft desire that he should praise her--
Indeed, in his esteem 'twould raise her--
He wants her to have youth and health;
He wants her to have beauty, wealth;
He wants a careful, prudent wife,
To share the nameless ills of life--
No will but his may ever answer--
A downright "yes"--not "if I can, sir!"

He wants a wife to nurse his boys--
To school his girls and spoil his joys;
To make and mend their clothes, when able;
To sit as mistress at his table;
To tell his coffee, brew his tea,
To every household comfort see;
To hand his slippers make his bed,
To softly bathe his aching head;
To be as fond as she is weak,
And in all things his pleasure seek.
He wants a wife! (poor, modest man)
Built on this grand and perfect plan;
He'll take her, then, for worse or better--
Let us devoutly hope--he'll get her!

The Broken Household.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Vainly, vainly memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be;
Of the circle once so wide,
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Golden haired and dewy-eyed,
Frattling all the day,
Was the baby first that died;
O, 'twas hard to lay
Dimpled hand and cheek of snow
In the grave so dark and low.

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Never by sorrow thrall'd,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next one call'd;
Then a grave more deep and wide
Made ready by the baby's side.

When or where the other died
Only heaven can tell,
Treading manhood's path of pride
Was he when he fell;
Happy thistles, blue and red,
Bloom about his lonely bed.

I am for the living three
Only left to pray;
Two are on the stormy sea;
Further still are they,
Wanders one, his young heart dim--
Oftenest, most I pray for him.

Whatso'er they do or dare,
Where'er I roam;
Have them, Father, in thy care,
Guide them safely home;
Home, oh, Father! in the sky
Where some wander and none die.

A man at the north recently collected a large
audience to see him crawl into a bottle. After
getting his cash, he apologized to the audience
for disappointing them, but said it was impos-
sible to perform the feat, as he could not find a bot-
tle large enough.

The Fairy Wife.

AN APOLOGUE.

A merchant married a Fairy. He was so manly,
so earnest, so energetic, and so loving, that her
heart was constrained towards him, and she gave
up her heritage in Fairyland to accept the lot of
woman.

They were married, they were happy, and the
early months glided away like the vanishing page-
nancy of a dream.

Before the year was over he had returned to
his affairs; they were important and pressing, and
occupied more and more of his time. But every
evening found him at her side, she felt the wear-
iness of absence more than repaid by the delight
of his presence. She sat at his feet and sang to
him, and prattled away the remnant of care that
lingered on his mind.

But his cares multiplied. The happiness of
many families depended on him. His affairs were
vast and complicated, and they kept him longer
away from her. All the day while he was amidst
the mazes of merchandise, she roamed along the
banks of a sequestered stream, weaving bright
fairy pageantries, or devising airy gayeties with
which to charm his troubled spirit. A bright
and sunny being, she comprehended nothing of
care. Life was abounding in her. She knew not
the disease of reflection; she felt not the perplex-
ities of life--to leap the stream and beckon him
to leap after her, as he used in the lover days,
when she would conceal herself from him in the
folds of a water lily--to tantalize and enchant him
with a thousand coquetries, this was her idea of
how they should live; and when he gently refused
to join her in these child-like gambols and told
her of the serious work that awaited him, she
raised her soft blue eyes to him in baby wonder-
ment, not comprehending what he meant,
but acquiescing with a sigh because he said it.

She acquiesced, but a soft sadness fell upon her.
Life to her was love; and nothing more. A soft
sadness also fell upon him. Life to him was love,
and something more, and he saw with regret that
she did not comprehend it. The wall of care,
raised by busy hands, was gradually shutting him
out from her. If she visited him during the day
she found herself a hindrance and retired. When
he came to her at sunset, he came preoccupied.
She sat at his feet, loving his anxious face. He
raised tenderly the golden ripple of love that
fell in ringlets on her neck, and kissed her soft
beseeching eyes; but there was something in his
eyes, a remote look, as if his soul was afar, busy
with other things, which made her little heart al-
most burst with uncomprehended jealousy.

She would steal up to him at times when he
was absorbed in calculations, and throwing her
arms around his neck would kiss him on the cheek.
A smile, revealing love in its very depths, would
brighten his anxious face, as for a moment he
pushed aside the world, and concentrated all
his being in one happy feeling.

She could win moments from him, she could
not win his life; she could charm, she could not
occupy! The painful truth came slowly over her
as the deepening shadows fall upon a sunny day
until at last it is night; night with her stars of in-
dinite beauty but without the lustre and warmth of
day.

She drooped; and on her couch of sickness
her keen sighted love perceived, through all his
ineffable tenderness, that some remoteness in his
eyes, which proved that, even as he sat there
grieving and apparently absorbed in her, there
still came dim remembrances of care to vex and
occupy her soul.

"It were better that I were dead," she thought.
"I am not good enough for him."

Poor child! not good enough, because her sim-
ple nature knew not the manifold perplexities,
the hindrances of incomplete life! Not good enough,
because her whole life was centered in one whose
life was scattered.

And so she breathed herself away; and left
her husband to all his gloom of care, made ten-
fold darker by the absence of those gleams of
tenderness which before had fitfully irradiated
life. The night was starless, and he alone--
[London Leader.]

SLEEP.

The Scientific American thus discourses on the
subject of sleep:

"No person of active mind should try to pre-
vent sleep, which, in such persons, only comes
when rest is indispensable to the continuance of
health. In fact, sleep once in twenty-four hours
is as essential to the existence of man as the
momentary respiration of fresh air." The most
unfavorable condition of sleep cannot prevent its
approach. Coachmen slumber on their coaches,
and couriers on their horses, while soldiers fall
asleep on the field of battle, amidst all the noise
and tumult of war. During the retreat of
Sir John Moore, several of the British soldiers
were reported to have fallen asleep on the march,
and yet they continued walking onward.

The most violent passions and excitement of
mind cannot prevent even powerful minds from
sleep; thus Alexander the Great slept on the field
of Arbela, and Napoleon on that of Austerlitz.
Even stripes and torture cannot keep off sleep, as
criminals have been known to sleep on the rack.
Noises which serve as a stimulant to drive away sleep,
soon become indispensable to its existence; thus a
stage-coach stopping to change horses, wakes
all the passengers. The proprietor of an iron
forge, who slept close to the din of hammers,
forges, and blast furnaces, would awake if there
was any interruption to them during the night,
and a sick miller who had his mill stopped on
that account, passed sleepless nights till the mill
resumed its usual noise. Homer, in the Iliad,
elegantly represents sleep as overcoming all men,
and even the Gods, excepting Jupiter alone.

The length of time passed in sleep is not the
same in all men; it varies in different individuals
and at different ages; but it cannot be determined
from the time passed in sleep, relative to the
strength; or energy of the body or mind. From
six to nine hours is the average proportion, yet
the Roman emperor, Caligula, slept only three
hours, Frederick of Prussia and Dr. John Hunter
consumed only four or five hours in repose,
while the great Scipio slept during eight.

A rich and lazy citizen will slumber from ten to
twelve hours daily. It is during infancy that sleep
is longer and more profound. Women also sleep
longer than men, and young men longer than
old men.

From the Commercial Advertiser.
Daniel Webster.

We have been favored with the perusal of a
letter written by Mr. Webster to an intimate friend
in this city, dated Franklin, May 3d, 1846, from
which we make the extract below, and which we
are sure will be read at this time with unusual
interest:

I have made satisfactory arrangements respect-
ing my house here, the best of which is that I can
leave it where it is, and yet be comfortable not-
withstanding the railroad.

This house faces due north. Its front windows
look toward the river Merrimack. But then the
river soon turns to the south, so that the eastern
windows look toward the river also. But the
river has so deepened its channel in this stretch
of it, in the last fifty years, that we cannot see its
waters, without approaching it, or going back to
the higher lands behind us. The history of this
change is of considerable importance in the philo-
sophy of streams. I have observed it practi-
cally, and know something of the theory of the
phenomenon; but I doubt whether the world will
ever be benefited, either by my learning or my
observation in this respect.

Looking out at the east window this morning,
(2 p. m.) with a beautiful sun just breaking out,
my eye sweeps a rich and level field of one hun-
dred acres. At the end of it, a third of a mile
off, I see plain marble grave stones, designating
the places where repose my father, my mother, my
brother Joseph, and my sisters Mable, Abigail,
and Sarah--good Scriptural names, inherited
from their Puritan ancestors.

My father! Ebenezer Webster!--born at King-
ston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739--the
handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother
Eschsch, who appeared to me, and so does he now
seem to me, the very finest human form that ever
I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin--a white
forehead--a tinged cheek--a complexion as clear
as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all
my brothers and sisters. We shall all be soon to-
gether. But this is melancholy--and I leave it.
Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

This fair field is before me--I could see a lamb
on any part of it. I have ploughed it, and raked
it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Some how,
I could never learn to hang a scythe! I had not
wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that
my father sent me to college in order to make
me equal to the rest of the children!

On a hot day in July--it must have been one
of the last years of Washington's administration
--I was making hay with my father, just where
I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle
of the afternoon. The Hon. Abel Foster, M. C.,
who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at
the house, and came into the field to see my father.
He was a worthy man, college-bred, and had
been a minister, but was not a person of any con-
siderable natural powers. My father was his
friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the
field, and went on his way. When he was gone,
my father called me to him, and we sat down be-
neath the elm on a haycock. He said, "My son,
this is a worthy man--he is a member of Con-
gress--he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dol-
lars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had
an education, which I never had. If I had had
his early education I should have been in Phila-
delphia in his place. I came near it as it was--
But I missed it, and now I must work here." "My
dear father," said I, "you shall not work. Broth-
er, and I will work for you, and wear our hands
out, and you shall rest; and I remember to have
cried--and I cry now at the recollection. "My
child," said he, "it is of no importance to me--I
now live but for my children; I could not give
your elder brother the advantages of knowledge,
but I can do something for you. Exert yourself--
improve your opportunities--learn--learn--
and when I am gone you will not need to go
through the hardships which I have undergone,
and which have made me an old man before my
time."

The next May he took me to Exeter--to the
Phillips Exeter Academy--placed me under the
tuition of his excellent preceptor, Dr. Benj. Abbott,
still living.

My father died in April, 1806. I neither left
him nor forgot him. My opening an office at
Boswell was that I might be near him. I closed
his eyes in this very house. He died at sixty-
seven years of age, after a life of exertion, toil,
and exposure--a private soldier, an officer, a leg-
islator, a judge--everything that a man could be
to whom learning never had disclosed her "ample
page."

My first speech at the bar was made when he
was on the bench. He never heard me a second
time.

He had in him what I recollect to have been
the character of some of the old Puritans. He
was deeply religious, but not sour--on the con-
trary, good humored, facetious--showing even in
his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth, all as white
as alabaster--gentle, soft, playful, and yet having
a heart in him that he seemed to have borrowed
from a lion. He could frown; a frown it was,
but cheerfulness, good humor, and smiles com-
posed his most usual aspect.

Ever truly, your friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER'S FAMILY.--Mr. Webster was
twice married--first in 1807, to Grace Fletcher,
daughter of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Hopkinton,
N. H.; second, about 1830, to Caroline Le Roy,
daughter of the late Herman Le Roy, of New
York city. This lady survives him.

By his first wife, Mr. Webster had four chil-
dren--Grace, Fletcher, Julia and Edward--of
whom Fletcher alone survives.

Mr. Webster is the second Secretary of State
who has died in office; Mr. Upshur, of Va., was
the first, he having been killed by an accident on
board of the United States steam frigate Princeton,
Feb. 28, 1844.

The Boston Bee adds:

A few moments after he had expired, Mrs. Web-
ster entered the room to gaze upon the lifeless re-
mains of her beloved partner. The scene is be-
yond description. Her grief found utterance in
the most exquisitely agonizing tones of sorrow.
So affecting a scene we have never witnessed. It
was vain to attempt to mirror it, had we the pow-
er to do so. It was a picture never to be forgotten.

We saw Mr. Webster's form a few moments
after death. Though it was much changed, yet
there were those characteristics of the great man,
strong in death as they had been in life.

Female Influence and Energy.

I have noticed, says Washington Irving, that a
married man falling into misfortune is more apt
to retrieve his situation in the world than a single
one, chiefly because his spirits are softened and re-
lieved by domestic endearments, & self-respect kept
alive by finding that, although all abroad he dark-
ness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world
of love at home of which he is monarch; where
as a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neg-
lect; to fall to ruins, like a deserted mansion, for-
ward of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to
mark the fortitude with which women sustain the
most overwhelming reverse of fortune. Those dis-
asters which break down the spirit of man, and
prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all
the energies of the softer sex, and give such in-
trinsically and elevation to their character, that at
times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can
be more touching than to behold a soft and ten-
der female, who had been all weakness and de-
pendence, and alive to every trivial roughness,
while treading the prosperous path of life, sud-
denly rising in mental force to be the comfort
and supporter of her husband under misfortune,
aiding with unshrinking firmness, the bitter-
blast of adversity. As the vine which has long
twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has
been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the
hardy plant is rified by the thimblebolt, cling
round it with its clinging tendrils, and bind up
its shattered boughs so, too, it is beautifully or-
dained by Providence that woman, who is the or-
nament and dependent of man in his happier
hours, should be his stay and solace when smit-
ten with dire and sudden calamity, winding her-
self into the rugged recesses of his nature, ten-
derly supporting his drooping head, and binding
up his broken heart.

DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.--
There has been no period since the commence-
ment of the world in which so many important
discoveries, tending to the benefit of mankind,
were made as in the last half century. Some of
the most wonderful results of human intellect
have been witnessed in the last fifty years. Some
of the grandest conceptions of genius have been
perfected. It is remarkable how the mind of the
world has run into scientific investigation, and
what achievements it has effected in that short
period. Before the year 1800 there was not a
single steamboat in existence, and the application
of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton
launched the first steamboat in 1807. Now there
are three thousand steamboats traversing the wa-
ters of America, and the time saved in travel is
equal to seventy per cent. The reverse of every
country in the world nearly, are traversed by
steamboats. In 1800 there was not a single rail-
road in the world. In the United States alone
there is now 8,796 miles of railroad, costing
\$286,000,000 to build, and about 22,000 miles
of railroad in England and America. The loco-
motive will now travel in as many hours a dis-
tance which in 1800 required as many days to ac-
complish. In 1800 it took weeks to convey intel-
ligence between Philadelphia and New Orleans;
now it can be accomplished in minutes through
the electric telegraph, which only had its begin-
ning in 1843.

Voltaism was discovered in March 1800; the
electric magnet in 1821. Electro typing was
discovered only a few years ago. Hoe's printing
press, capable of printing 10,000 copies an hour,
is a very recent discovery, but of the most impor-
tant character. Gun light was unknown in 18-
00; now every city and town of any pretence are
lighted with it, and we have the announcement
of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat
and motive power may be all produced from wa-
ter, with scarcely any cost. Daguerre communi-
cated to the world his beautiful inventions in 1829.
Gun cotton and chloroform are discoveries but
of a few years old. Astronomy has added a num-
ber of new planets to the solar system. Agricul-
tural chemistry has enlarged the domain of knowl-
edge in that important branch of scientific re-
search, and mechanics have increased the facilities
for production, and means of accomplishing an
amount of labor which far transcends the ability
of united manual effort to accomplish. The tri-
umphs achieved in this last branch of discovery
and invention are enough to mark the last half
century as that which has most contributed to
augment personal comforts, enlarge the enjoyments
and add to the blessing of man. What will the
next half century accomplish? We may look
for still greater discoveries; for the intellect of man
is awake exploring every mine of knowledge,
and searching for useful information in every de-
partment of art and industry.--Phil. Ledger.

REMARKABLE FEAT OF AN ENGINEER.--A
Paris correspondent of The Washington Repub-
lic relates the following occurrence as having tak-
en place on the France Northern Railroad. It is
an example of the advantage that sometimes
arises from meeting opposition with a bold front.

The passengers upon the northern Railroad
narrowly escaped destruction some days ago. A
large cart, laden down by the weight of an enor-
mous block of stone, had become fastened in
among the rails, and the efforts of the horse
to disengage it were perfectly unavailing.--
The whistle of the express train was heard in the
distance. The engineer, determined to save his
horses at least, cut the reins and harness and
made off. The engineer saw the obstacle, rever-
sed the steam, and gave the signal for the brakes.
But the engine, which was a Crompton, refused to
obey, and the machinist saw the utter impossi-
bility of stopping it in time, so he put on the steam
again, and drove the train with full force upon
the terrible obstacle. The wagon was shivered to
atoms, and the stone sent flying in splinters for
miles in all directions. The train was not thrown
off the track, and the passengers were unharmed
by any shock. They did not hear of the danger
they had run till they stopped at the next station.
The engine was battered, but its vitality was not
decreased. The engineer, whose coolness and de-
cision saved the passengers, is a Pole and will be
the object of some tribute of gratitude from the
company.

INDIANA.--The new Senate comprises 15 whigs
and 34 democrats; the House 33 whigs and 67
democrats. Democratic majority on joint ballot,
52. A U. S. Senator is to be chosen by this Leg-
islature, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the
death of Mr. Whitcomb, democrat.

ORIGIN OF UNCLE SAM. Much learning and
research have been exercised in tracing the origin
of odd names and old sayings, which taking their
rise in some trifling occurrence or event easily ex-
plained or well understood for a time, yet, in the
course of years, becoming involved in mystery as-
sumes an importance equal at least to the skill and
ingenuity required to explain or trace them to their
origin. "The Swan with two necks," the "Bull and
mouth" "all in my eye" Betty Martin, and many
others, are out of the character--and who knows
but a hundred years hence some learned commen-
tator may puzzle his brains to furnish some inge-
nuous explanation of the national appellation placed
at the head of this article. To aid him, therefore
in his research, I will state the facts as they oc-
curred under my own eye.

Immediately after the declaration of war with
England, Elbert Anderson, Esq., of this city, then
a contractor, visited Troy, on the Hudson, where
was concentrated, and where he purchased a large
quantity of provisions--beef, pork, &c. The in-
spectors of those articles at that place were Messrs
Ebeneser & Samuel Wilson. The latter invariably
known as "Uncle Sam," in person had charge of
a large number of workmen, who on this occasion
were busy in overhauling the provisions purchased
by the contractor for the army. The casks were
marked E. A.--U. S. This work fell to the lot
of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs.
Wilson's, who, on being asked by some of the
fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark (for the
letters U. S. for United States were then most com-
monly used to them), said he did not know, unless
it meant "Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam"--allu-
ding expressly to Uncle Sam Wilson. The joke
took among the workmen and passed currently
and Uncle Sam being present, was occasionally
railed by them on the increasing extent of his
possessions.

Many of these workmen being of a character
denominated "food for powder" were found shortly
following the recruiting drum, and pushing to-
wards the frontier lines, for the double purpose
of meeting the enemy, and eating the provisions they
had labored to put in good order. Their old jokes
of course accompanied them, and before the first
war ended this identical one appeared in print.
It gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was
recognized in every part of the country, and will,
no doubt, continue so long as the United States
remains a nation. It originated precisely as above
stated, and the writer of this article distinctly re-
collects the remarking, at the time it first appeared
in print, to a person who was equally aware of its
origin, how odd it would be if this silly joke, origi-
nating in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, mull,
salt and hoop poles, eventually became a national
cognomen. [N. Y. Gaz.]

Hobbs and Chubb Again.

The London correspondent of the U. S. Gazette
says:

"The Directors of a well known insurance office
in Moorgate street, had assembled at their rooms
last week to hold an important meeting. When
the books and papers of the company were called
for, the secretary could not find the key of the
large vault where they were kept. After an un-
successful search, Mr. Chubb, the maker of the
large iron door and lock, was sent for, and was
asked if he had a key that would open the lock.
He replied in the negative. He was then asked
if he could pick the lock. He again replied in the
negative, and rather indignantly withal, at the
insinuation that his celebrated locks could be pick-
ed! The director asked what was to be done?
Mr. Chubb answered that the only method by
which the book and papers could be procured
was to cut the door down. The director would
not consent to such a proposition, and Mr. Chubb
left the premises. A messenger was dispatched to
Chesapeake for the American, Hobbs, who sent one
of his workmen, with instructions to take an im-
pression in wax of the keyhole of the lock. The
man departed, and in a few minutes returned
with the impression. Mr. Hobbs then selected a
few simple instruments, and accompanied his
workman to the insurance office. After operating
on Chubb's lock ten minutes only, the bolt was
turned, the door was opened, and all the books
and papers were placed before the Board of Di-
rectors, to their utter astonishment!"

THE PROMPT MERCHANT'S CLERK.--A cor-
respondent of the London Youth's Instructor, relates
an anecdote, which Hunt transfers to the pages
of the Merchants' Magazine for the especial ben-
efit of young men entering mercantile life:--
"I once knew a man," said an eminent preach-
er the other day, in a sermon to young men, "that
was commencing life as a clerk. One day his
employer said to him, 'Now to-morrow that car-
go of cotton must be got out and weighed, and
we must have a regular account of it.'"

"He was a young man of energy. This was
the first time he had been entrusted to superin-
tend the execution of this work. He made his
arrangements over night, spoke to the men about
their carts and horses, and resolved to begin ear-
ly in the morning, he instructed the laborers to
be there at half-past four o'clock. His master
came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-
house, looks very black, supposing that his com-
mands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were re-
quested to get out that cargo this morning."

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here
is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that mo-
ment--never! His character was fixed; confi-
dence was established. He was found to be the
man to do the thing with promptness. He very
soon came to be one that could not be spared; he
was as necessary to the firm as any of the part-
ners. He was a religious man, and went through
a life of great benevolence, and at his death, was
able to leave his children an ample fortune. He
was not known to the eye nor vingar to the
teeth, but just the contrary.

GOOD COUNSEL.--The following excellent ad-
vice is from the Wheeling Intelligencer. We
commend it to the notice of the business com-
munity.

If you wish to sell more goods this year than
you ever did before, advertise more. The unpar-
alleled success of those merchants and traders,
who have kept their goods before the people is a
lesson not to be disregarded by any one who de-
pends upon the public patronage for a living.
The best customers are those who find out what
they want before they leave home, and those are
the ones who invariably look in the newspaper
to see where the article is to be found.

The Pursuit of Knowledge.

There are certain subjects--and he who reflects
on the matter will concede that their number is
by no means small, which have been written and
re-written upon, until, to use a common expres-
sion, they are fairly "written out." To produce
any valuable idea upon them, which has not long
been stereotyped, is utterly impossible.

But there are other topics to which this rule
will not apply, though there may have been an
equal, or even larger amount of brain work ex-
pended upon them. Such an one is the pursuit
of knowledge. Though much has been written
upon it, the subject is so vast in extent, and so
immeasurable in the ground it covers, that the
mind in contemplation of it is no more confined
by bounds and limits, than when it is soaring far
away in the unexplored fields of imagination.

The pursuit of knowledge is one of the most
dignifying and ennobling objects that can ac-
tuate the mind of man. It offers inducements al-
ike to the wealthy and poor; to the excited and
to the old and young. The fresh and vigorous mind
of youth, strong and active though it may be,
is rendered ardent and enthusiastic by want of
young and bounding blood. To such the pursuit
of knowledge is what the mental organization
requires; it is just that indispensable which is
properly to discipline the mind, and the heart, and
to fit them for a high and noble contest in life.

The aged have spent a life in this pursuit; for
the mental and moral organization of man is such
that he must be constantly gaining knowledge,
whether he will or no; and when the time of
"the mere and yellow leaf" comes on, there is leis-
ure afforded to calmly arrange and digest the ideas
that were hastily received when the arm was
strong, and the hand was active in the pursuits
of the prime of life.

The poor man has in this a possession that
places him above the wealthy and the proud, just
so far as mind is superior to matter. He can se-
cure that wealth of mind and of heart between
which and the wealth for which the masses of
men strive, there can be no comparison.

The enjoyments that gold can procure are
pleasant for a time; the pomp of circumstances
and of outward show may, at least while the
charm of novelty is upon them, afford satisfaction,
though they never can bring genuine happiness.
But that enjoyment springing from the pursuit
of knowledge, ensures the expansion of the faculties,
and power of the soul, and continually grows pur-
er, and purer, and higher and higher.

In the words of one whose name is synony-
mous with noble thoughts and correct ideas:
"Pleasure is a shadow; wealth is vanity, and pow-
er is paganism; but knowledge is ecstacy in enjoyment--
perpetual fame--unlimited in space, and infi-
nite in duration. In the performance of its sacred
office, it fears no danger--spares no expenses--
looks into the volcanoes--dives into the ocean--
perforates the earth--wings its flight into the
skies--enriches the globe--explores sea and land--
contemplates the distant--examines the minute--
contemplates the great--ascends to the sublime--
no place too remote for its grasp--no heav-
ens too exalted for its reach."

When the spirit is freed from its tenement of
clay, and no longer clogged by its earthly prison
house, we have full reason to believe that the soul
will still love all that elevated and ennobled it
on